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LONGWOOD COLLEGE 1965

GYRE

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GYRE

The gyres! the gyres! Old Rocky
Face, look forth;
Things thought too long can be
no longer thought,
For beauty dies of beauty, worth
of worth,
And ancient lineaments are blot-
ed out.

—William Butler Yeats
"The Gyres"

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GYRE

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TWO CHILDREN

Phyllis Myers

High in the giant, budding oak the squirrels chattered in their unintelligible language; just below the surface of the warm earth the moles burrowed in solitude—no need for communication between them. For all living things the earth was awakening, an annual event.

For two children, however, it was but the time for shedding shoes and walking on grass and through mud puddles. Their frolicsome mood sent them spinning and laughing around and around the fluffy green lawn till they fell to the ground in exhilarated dizziness.

"What do you wanna do now?" the little boy asked his companion.

She stooped in silent meditation. Then suddenly she seemed to spring to life much as the first crocus suddenly opens. Her thin, wiry legs ran into the house, and she shouted with enthusiasm, "Com'on!" He obeyed.

It was dark in the musty attic, but its aroma was alluring to two children, for it promised the unfolding of secrets long dormant and forgotten.

"Over here," the little girl whispered, skillfully leading her friend through the maze of dusty trunks, magazine piles, and cobwebs. Reverently she lifted the lid of a particularly rusty-looking trunk, and wondrous things did they behold—smooth, rare silk and moth-eaten wool, shoes with thick high heels and hats for a fashionable gentleman of the twenties. Each article

they touched and softly discussed.

Then she again sprang up. "Let's play house!" she softly exclaimed. So they gathered a pile of the most desirable items in the trunk, gently closed the lid, and fled with their treasures to the outside world—the world of crocuses, squirrels, and warm, swelling earth. Feverishly, they scurried about finding sticks to partition off rooms on the green carpet and stones in which to serve tea and delicate little mud cakes. They decided to build their pretend house under the sheltering boughs of the giant, budding oak, thus greatly disturbing the routine of the garrulous squirrels. The furry little beings stopped chattering at each other and soundly scolded the intruders who paid little attention to them; so engrossed were they in their task. Finally, when all was ready, they chose the appropriate costumes for a mother or a father and sat down on a rocky couch to partake of their afternoon tea. But something wasn't quite right.

"I know," she said and rummaged around among the treasures until she found a tattered lace curtain, yellow with age, but fresh and beautiful under the spring sun's indirect rays and in the eyes of the beholder. This she placed over her head and waited. He understood, and he thought and then looked around until he decided what he was looking for. Quickly, almost impulsively, he went about gathering the golden dandelions that dotted the soft green carpet. Then he stood before her with his offering which was already drooping from the heat of his tight little fist.

"Here," he said.



TWO CHILDREN

Gently she took them, then grasped his hand, and they contemplated the flowers and each other.

"Is that all you do?" he asked.

"I guess so," she replied.

The squirrels chattered on, and the moles burrowed further down into their warm nests. The sun was acquiring hues of pink and violet.

After a moment he said, "I'm hungry."

"Me, too," she replied; so they raced to the kitchen door leaving bouquet and veil behind to rest upon the green carpet, and they were laughing and spinning with the joy of each other, of the earth's awakening, and of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

SOME THOUGHTS

Waltzing by myself
on the sand at midnight
I remembered God.
I am lucky.

Standing
like an ignorant Fool,
searching for my way.

Standing
on an empty lot
in a long white robe,
cap,
with all of my life
Rolled
in a piece of
paper.

To be wanted and needed
is a great feeling,
but think how great to have
the want
the need
fulfilled.

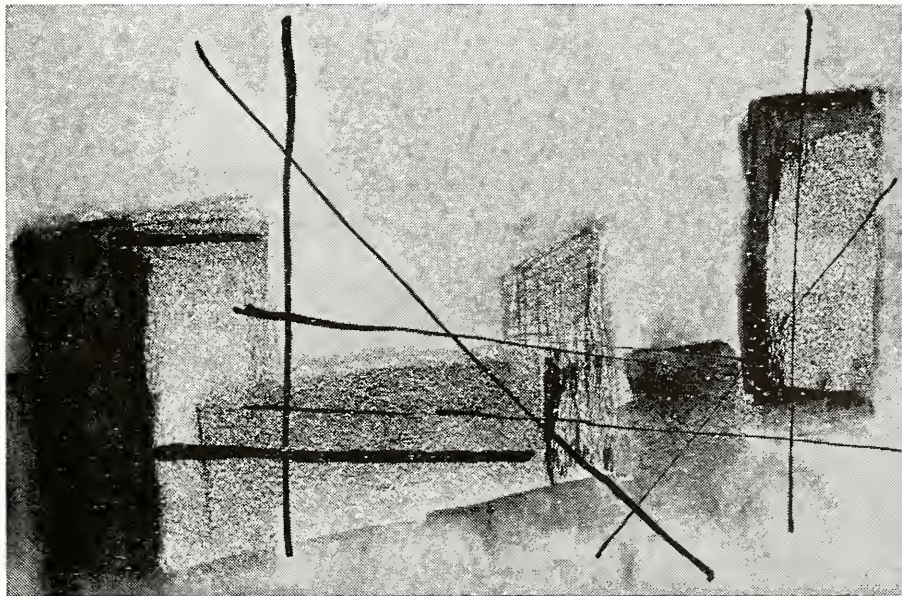
I be sad, so sad
enough to cry
or die

and
In comes some
happy second
worth waiting for
until
I be sad again—
and forget.
Sadness and
sadness
and

SADNESS
Never ending,
always present.
Laughter is the
facetious answer.
No one knows
how I hate
how I feel
what I am.

Even me.
But smile
and the world . . .
Cry and you . . .
ALONE.

Donna Barnes



THE PLIGHT OF THE NEGRO CHILD

Diane Henkel

This summer I worked on Project Headstart, a government plan for preparing underprivileged children for the first grade. Along with one other white person, I was situated in a school with 175 Negro pre-schoolers. Because I was in an almost entirely Negro world for six hours of each day, I became aware of the problems which were common to these children. Through interviews, records, and personal observation, I learned that most of the children had very low family incomes, very little parental guidance, a great lack of responsibility, and family backgrounds deplete of any enriching culture.

In order to participate in Project Headstart, it was necessary for a child to come from a home with a low family income, but many of these incomes were below the norm, two thousand dollars annually, expected by Project Headstart officials. In an interview, all parents of the children were required to answer many questions concerning, among other things, economic conditions. One of these questions was, "What is the entire annual income of the family?" Most people did not answer this question either because they were embarrassed about the small amount or they could not compute the amount. Those who did answer had amazingly low incomes even with both parents working. Another evidence of the low income of the families was the tattered, handed down clothes which the children wore. The clothes were either too large or too small and were badly matched combinations. Also the homes of the children were run down. There were no screens, the

broken panes of the windows were stuffed with paper, most of the houses had never been painted, and there were holes in the floors and walls. Most of the mothers said, "Don't look at the house. I ain't cleaned, yet." They did not readily admit to strangers that the problem with their homes could not be solved by housecleaning.

Another problem of the children was their lack of parental guidance. One of the questions in the interview was, "What is the marital status of the mother?" Many of the children were found to be illegitimate. One of the interviews went partially like this:

"Are you married?"

"No, I ain't married."

"How many children do you have?"

"Nine."

"Have you ever been married?"

"No."

"Do you know who John's father is?"

"Yes, John Brown. He's the daddy of all my kids."

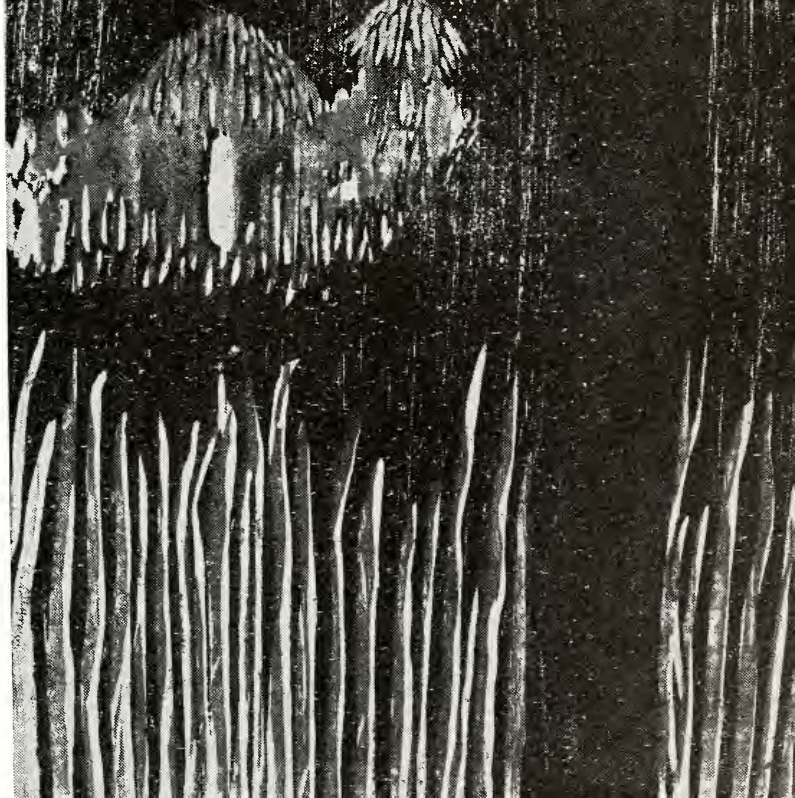
"Do you know where he is living?"

"No, I ain't seen him for a coupla years, but he'll be back."

Besides illustrating illegitimacy, this interview points also to another lack of parental guidance. Often the children do not see one of their parents for weeks, months, or a lifetime. One small boy said that his mother had been on a "vacation" in Washington, D. C., for five months.

The children also showed a great lack of responsibility. The

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head of the Project in the local area said, "One of the greatest problems in Negro schools is tardiness. The children have no conception of time." Unconcernedly, small children walked into class two or three hours late. Many times they didn't even come for any other reason than "din wana." The children were also not able to do a simple task such as carry a permission slip home, have it signed, and returned. As many as four different slips would be sent home with a child before one would be returned. The problem didn't seem to improve with age either, for the other brothers and sisters had trouble seeing that the child took the slip home and brought it back.

Perhaps the most disheartening plight of the Negro child is that his life is deplete of any enriching cultural experiences, the type of experiences which are so familiar to us. My first few weeks at school, I was at a complete loss as to what they were saying.

Unaware of the trouble I would have, the first day I said to a chubby little boy, "What is your name?"

He replied, "Ahwa."

Once more I asked him and once more he said, "Ahwa."

I was very distraught for all I could get from him was, "Ahwa."

When I had his teacher, who is a Negro, listen to what he was saying, she said to me, "Why that's very easy to understand. The child's name is Arthur Walker."

It is almost inconceivable to imagine a home in which

there are no pictures on the wall, a home in which there are no bookshelves because there are no books, a home in which the only magazines are those which should be banned from the newsstand, or a home in which not one note of classical music has ever been heard, but this is the type of world in which the children live.

During rest period I discovered that the children had never been exposed to classical music. Room darkened, lying on the floor, the children all gave each other questioning looks when they heard the opening notes of the Nutcracker Suite. They could sing all the verses to the latest hits, but they also soon developed a liking for the lighter classics.

I was surprised to find that the children had little or no desire to learn. It was torture for all concerned to get one or two hours of completely academic work finished a day. Few came to school with the ability to write their names or with any knowledge of numbers. It was evident that their parents had not taught them even the most elementary things, perhaps because their parents had no knowledge of these things themselves.

Through my close work with them, I became aware of the plight of the Negro child. In the end, the fact that a few Negro children in the school showed a real desire and interest in learning is an encouraging sign. I have learned that if we start working with all such underprivileged children when they are very young, they have the chance to develop into promising, useful people in our society.



ON DESPAIR AND DISENCHANTMENT

The artist has no hands,
no eyes—
The poet finds no words;
nor tries.
Creation's crushed, its flow
has ebbed
And feet once winged
now are webbed.

Ruth Horton

IN REMEMBRANCE

Vivian Gale

Jennifer leaned back in the peeling, old green park bench, and closed her eyes for a quick escape from the teeming world around her. Her smart grey suit scratched against her neck and arms; she had known the suit would be uncomfortable when she bought it at that fashionable shop on Connecticut Avenue, but, as usual, she had convinced herself that she would forget the irritating feel of the material once she had worn the outfit for a while. She was especially proud of the soft pink crepe blouse she was wearing with the grey. But she would have to admit that, although it had been her own money which she had spent on the blouse, at the time she had felt a little uncertain about spending so much for such a simple thing. She had been furious when she discovered a rip in the seam the second time she had worn the blouse, and she remembered how she had argued with herself whether to take the blouse back to that haughty saleswoman and demand a refund or not. She should have known that she would merely sew the seam and keep the blouse. It was worth the irritation and the money, considering all the compliments she had received on the outfit, she thought. She knew the suit was becoming on her, and now, in the secrecy of her own world, she smiled to think how few women could be beguiling in a dull, old maid's grey.

She wondered if the suit had helped her chances at the publishing office she had just visited. How ironic to think

that the life of a good writer, one she had unyieldingly struggled with for months, could depend on such a trifling point as the effectiveness of her garment! But she had reconciled herself to the sad realization, at first dejectedly and now only disgustedly. Yes, she had discovered this reality of life at the same time she had found that knowing "the right people" was also a "must" if you had hopes of ever getting any of your works published in any media. Jennifer idly crossed her legs and faintly smiled to herself again. How silly she had been five years ago when she arrived in the busy, bustling city and held out a daring hand to the big metropolis, and received hardly a nod of recognition that she had arrived, much less a warm handshake. Then she had been one of those "young innocent things" her writer friends always sneered about over their daily cocktails. Indeed, only recently could she bear to think back over those pitiful days. But she knew more about life now. Yes, she, Jennifer Malone, had finally met the reality of life face to face, you might say; she knew now that life is no "bed of roses." Instead, life is full of disappointments, cold and bleak realities which must be faced. True, there is some happiness in every woman's life—she would never be one to deny this clinging idealism of so many philosophers who refuse to give up all hope; but happiness is just a fleeting moment, a bittersweet taste of life—bittersweet because happiness is ecstatic joy and painful agony that the joy will not last. Jennifer opened her intent blue eyes and without lifting her sight upward, she saw the blue sky of spring, with its billowy clouds and humid stillness,

IN REMEMBRANCE

waiting for the inevitable cloudburst. She saw a blue kite struggle above the treetops in the park, only to sink in the gnarled branches, against the clinging hope of its young operator. Oh yes, to live life, she had learned, one must face life—don't hope, don't fear, don't desire, don't hate, just live life as it unfolds. Face it stoically.

Jennifer stroked her soft brown hair. She always parted it to one side and had trained it to fall naturally in a short page-boy around her cheeks. She let her eyelids drop again, and her thoughts wandered to those days when she was a "young innocent thing" attending Larchmount, that grand old institute of culture that her mother and grandmother before her had attended, and which she had been destined to claim as her alma mater also. It had been the family tradition to send the girls to college to be refined and possibly to be prepared to teach, but certainly not for career training. And so Jennifer had taught school for two years after graduating. Not that she immensely enjoyed or disliked teaching for that matter, but it was simply the "correct" course for a respectable young girl of a middle class family to take.

It was not surprising for Jennifer to recollect that she had deeply impressed the children. She was a young teacher, and she possessed a quiet, natural beauty. And she read to them. Jennifer read to them every day, always tales of far-away places, of princesses and knights in shining armor. She remembered the inquisitive youngsters' eyes, revealing their wonder,

and she admired in them their piercing bluntness and simple, but intelligent questions. But now, thinking back, Jennifer assured herself the children meant nothing to her. She had not become familiar with any of them really. She recalled with pride that she had had no favorites, she had shown no more feeling for one of those awkward and long-legged adolescents than she had toward another. Indeed, she had been perfectly right in that respect, she reassured herself.

But Jennifer had not been content with being a prim little schoolteacher. She had not wanted to waste her life passively reading to youngsters to arouse their lazy emotions. She was young and yearned to know more of life. There must be more to life than just living day to day, she had thought in her youthful innocence. She would find the truth in life, she had defiantly vowed. Ah, what an amateur at living, she now reminisced.

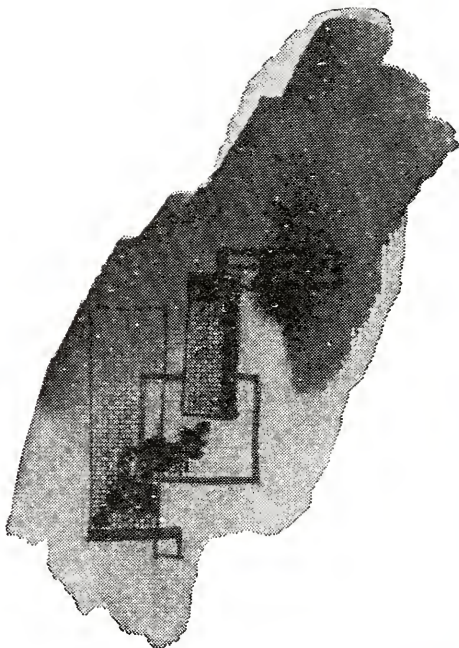
She had escaped to the huge city, determined to find life's truth in that rushing and ever-compelling circus of human performers. There, she had struggled to be recognized by the city, until the struggle became an obsession. She became one of the thousands of unknown artists who work slavishly to give to the world something they can claim as their own creation. She painfully remembered how she wrote and submitted and failed, with intermittent flashes of brief success. A short story would be published by a small-time firm willing to take a risk on an unknown. Finally, after two years of turmoil, she had gained a small claim to that recognition she so desired from

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IN REMEMBRANCE (continued from page 12)

the cruel circus, but she still searched for some certainty in life, some one stable security she had believed life held in store for every performer in the circus.

It was then that she had met Mark. To Jennifer, the nostalgic recollection of Mark was her most sensitive memory. Mark had not been in the same social strata as she; he did not like her writer cohorts who criticized every sincere or guileless thing with their sarcasm and dry wit. Mark was a military man, a grown man; and yet, Jennifer remembered how his fine blond hair parted to the side of his head always had made him look like a young boy, bursting with energy and eagerly waiting to plunge into some adventure and conquer one more aspect of the world. He had possessed hope and desire and imagination. He hated the Japs and wanted to fight, yet he loved life. Jennifer had sensed his intense energy for living as soon as they met at the cocktail party they were both attending. In the following weeks, they often had drinks together after she got off from work. Mark had been waiting for his assignment orders and enjoyed her companionship. At first, Mark had been just that for Jennifer—a companion, but she was drawn closer and closer to this man who loved life so much and yet was willing to throw it away to fight some yellow man with slanted eyes he didn't even know. She had found herself racing to meet him in the evening, and longing to stay with him. When Mark had received his orders, he had taken her to a small lounge on Eleventh Street,



IN REMEMBRANCE

and they had danced until three o'clock. Jennifer had known what he was going to tell her, and yet, she would not stop dancing. Now, musing back over that evening, she remembered how Mark had led her to a table and had taken the order from his shirt pocket and handed it to her. She had not opened it, but had stared at him silently. "It's just a duty of life, Jenny," he had whispered. Jennifer poignantly recalled that she had not cried; indeed, she had not answered Mark. He left the next morning for the Pacific. A month later she had received a brief letter. Mark had died in his second battle, and his commander had found only her name and address in his personal things.

Mark had upset her life terribly. Out of the hundreds of people in life's circus that bustled past her window each day, only Mark had aroused a need in her for others. Before Mark, she would rather have been a part of the circus, yet be a performer in a ringside, completely alone. She had preferred from strangers a friendly indifference; then you did not get involved in messy situations. But Mark had disrupted her simple, uncomplicated pattern. Because she had feared that Mark might not return to her, she had not made any promises; she had not answered him; she would not become involved. He was not the security she had been searching for in life, she warned herself. Mark had not returned to her and never would, and now, in her wistful reminiscing, she reminded herself that she had been right, after all.

After Mark had left for the Pacific, Jennifer had sat to writing pages and pages of anything, typing until dawn and

then throwing the manuscript in the wastebasket. She had refused invitations to dinner, plays, and even parties with her small cluster of friends. She had hated to walk to her office each morning, hearing the constant loud and ugly shouts from some dirty little paper boy, spouting off the night's happenings in a sea battle, or rattling off how many Americans had been killed that night or how many "heroes" had been captured by the Japs. She had hated the war and its ugliness, dirtiness, painfulness. She hated its sly preying on the aroused and confused emotions of all those around her. They would not encompass her with their fake slogans and sentimental speeches, she had vowed. She remembered how she had sworn that if it was up to her, every woman would wear sheer nylons, even to bed, just for spite. She didn't care who started the war or who stepped on China, couldn't they understand that?

When she received the letter about Mark, she had surprised herself by not crying. It wasn't that she had not been upset or that she was in a severe state of shock. Instead, she had repeatedly asked herself, "Why did he go? Why did he meet death halfway? For God's sake, Mark, why? Was death a 'duty' in life he had spoken of? Why couldn't he have closed his eyes to the war as she had bitterly and defiantly done?"

Jennifer slipped her shoe off her right foot and felt the cool rungs of the wrought-iron bench through her nylons, not caring to bring herself out of her little "reverie" just yet. She recollected how she suddenly had changed after hearing about Mark's death. She left her hermit's life and rarely

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IN REMEMBRANCE (continued from page 14)

visited her apartment except to sleep through the early morning hours and drink a steaming cup of black coffee before going to the office. She had accepted every offered invitation, but she had favored no one. She had never dated the same "friend" more than twice at a time. She had preferred to be busy, always busy, and always laughing. War? "What war?" she would ask. She could prove the war didn't even exist in her world she had smirked. It was during these days that she had decided there definitely was not any certain "truth" in life. That was just a rosy dream of youth, and now that she had met the world, she knew the hopelessness of her dream. Mark had been wrong. There was no duty in life; there was really nothing certain in life at all. Life was just living from day to day, eating, working, going to dinners and plays and cocktail parties, quick snatches of sleep, highballs, and coffee. Don't ever stop because then you realize what a cold, bleak world it is.

After the war, Jennifer continued to write, submitting short stories to agent after agent, some gaining recognition and others being acidly rejected. The only after-effect of war on Jennifer Malone at all was the death of Mark. She had never quite been able to bring herself to think of him for any length of time. She had tried to train her mind to forget Mark, and only occasionally did her memory break the strict rule. Jennifer knew that many envied her absolute lack of any

feeling, care, or damage after the war; and yet her invisible scar was there.

The park bench was getting hard, and she opened her eyes and squinted in the bright sunlight. She lit a cigarette and the smoke burned her throat. As she got up to leave, she noticed the blue kite flying low in the sky. Its operator was struggling hard to keep it up, but he was laughing and running ecstatically through the park, completely oblivious to the close proximity of his kite to the branching treetops. Jennifer watched the kite struggle, and she strained her neck to follow its course. Something in her faintly hoped that the kite would miss the treetops, but she suppressed the hope and turned to walk back briskly to her apartment. She knew the kite would eventually fall.

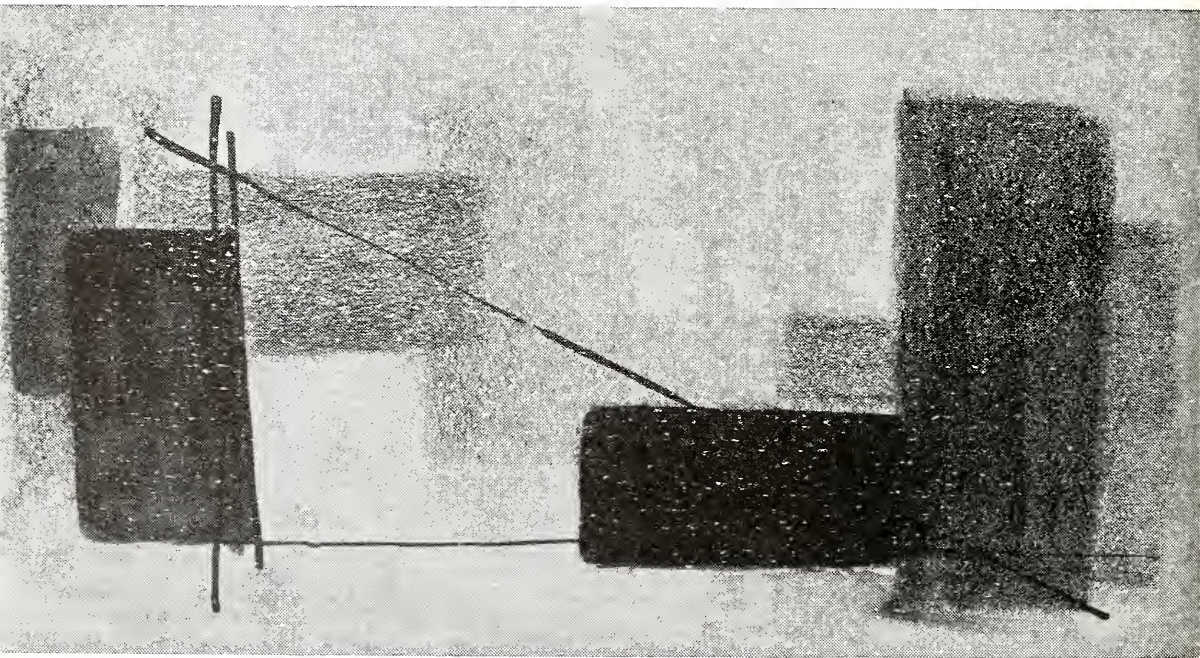
She had wasted far too much time remembering, she told herself. Now she must tuck these thoughts away, and she tried to concentrate on the Hiltons' party at nine. But instead of thinking of her black crepe she had planned to wear that night, her thoughts lingered around the boy with the kite; and she wondered if the kite had fallen yet. Surely it would fall, but somehow this did not seem important to the child. She sensed that he was elated in simply lifting the kite out of the trees, and in having proof of his success for even a short time. No doubt, in time the kite would fall and he would be dejected, but now he was happy. She reached the light at a busy intersection and listlessly waited for the pedestrian signal.

Jennifer awoke the next morning grumbling to herself that it

IN REMEMBRANCE

was a good thing the day was Saturday, because she had a terrible headache from the party. She truly believed she managed to survive the first hour only because of five cups of scalding coffee. She opened the apartment door and scooped up the paper with one hand, holding her head with the other. On the fifth page, she saw the face of the little boy in the park. He had been hit while running out from the park yesterday, and had been critically injured. Evidently he had been flying his kite and forgot to watch where he was going. Jennifer was sickened. She didn't cry, though it wasn't as it had been when she learned of Mark's death. Then she had wanted to cry but refused to; indeed, she had been afraid to cry. This time she was not afraid to cry, but somehow she almost envied the child. The boy had not deceived himself; he knew the treetops were there to snag his kite, but he had hoped that they would not trap it. Mark had hoped too. Love, happiness, sorrow, hate, hope—all of these had been part of Mark's kite. Mark's kite had fallen, and yet Jennifer envied him.





BITTERSWEET CHOCOLATE I

This morning I waked up,
Looking out,
Trees,
And blue and green
Whizzing and whispering
Of things growing.
I shouted,
And a voice shouted back,
"Fool."
And I laughed.
It was only the wind from falling leaves,
Dead branches.
I shouted,
And my love answered,
"Come now,
Don't wait,"
And I came
Expecting blood,
Pain.
And found
Softness, warmth, and light,
Ecstasy, and
Bittersweet chocolate.

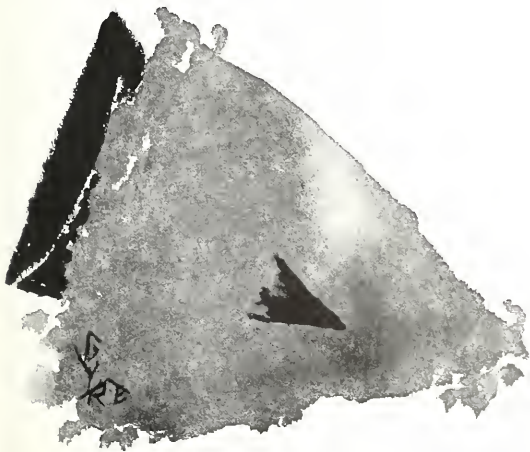
BITTERSWEET CHOCOLATE II

I tore off myself,
And handed it out.
It came back
Three times more,
A hundred,
And welded itself to me,
And I grew.
The anguish of wanting,
And not knowing,
Not seeing,
Now is covered,
Mingles,
With completeness,
Rapture,
And I am whole.
No night, clouded and grey.
Bittersweet chocolate, and
Morning glories.

Freda Richards



PHOTOGRAPHY



RUSTY STEPHENSON

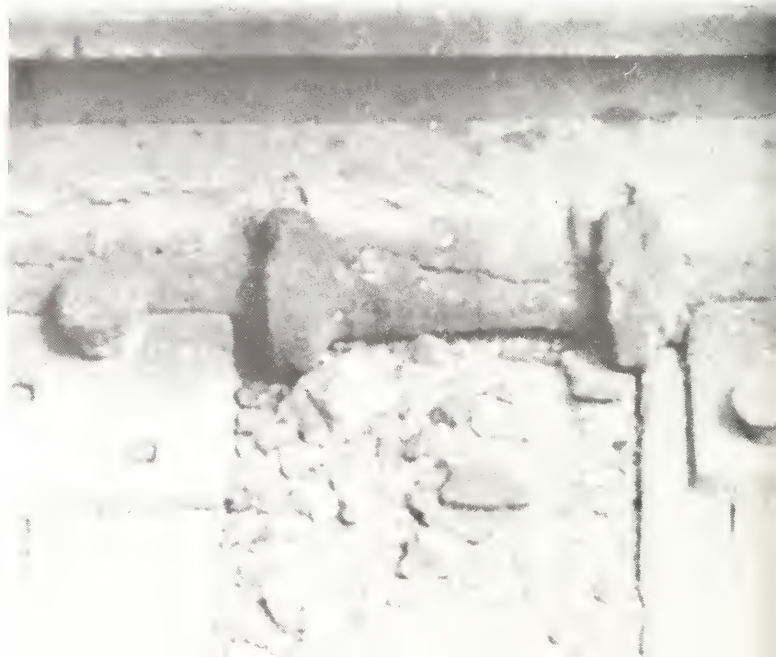
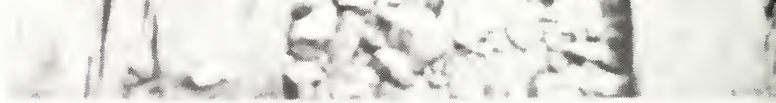




NO
PARKING





















TO KEEP A PROMISE

This play won a Superior Award from the Virginia Dramatics Association competition in 1965 and was produced on educational television in Hampton, Virginia the same year.

A Drama in One Act

By Donna Barnes

The entire play takes place in the living room of the Tristesse home. It is shabbily furnished and very bare. There is a couch left center, an old arm-chair down right, and several high-back chairs anywhere in the room. The door at right stage leads to the bedrooms, the door up center leads to the outside, and a door stage left leads to the kitchen. There is a double window to the right of the up center door.

The play could take place anywhere in America, probably in the 1950's or 60's. As the curtain rises, DORCAS TRISTESSE, is sitting on the couch reading. EDWARD, her twenty year old brother, enters up center.

(As the door opens, Dorcas jumps)

Edward

Look at you jump. It's only your big brother.

Dorcas

I thought it was Daddy.

Edward (good naturedly)

Now what would he be doing coming home at four-thirty in the afternoon?

Dorcas (irritated)

I don't know. (pause) What are you doing home so early, Edward?

Edward

Well . . . I quit work today, Dorcas.

Dorcas (jolted)

You better not leave! You just better not leave!!! (very upset) stay here. (becomes frightened) You aren't going today, are you?

Edward (calmly)

Take it easy. I've told you nine hundred times why I have to go.

Dorcas

No, don't go. I mean it.

Edward

Dorcas, sit down. Calm yourself and listen to me. (Dorcas sits)

Dorcas (stoically)

I'm down and I'm listening.

Edward

You really can't expect me to stay after last night.

Dorcas

I don't see why one more insult should make so much difference.

Edward

There's a point . . . a point of decision. That last insult was too much.

Dorcas

What difference does it make to you what Daddy thinks or says? You know I don't think you're a . . . a—

Edward (quoting his Father)

A wise, good-for-nothing chicken-livered baby, who hides

TO KEEP A PROMISE

behind a gutless excuse for a personality?

Dorcas

So big deal. That's just his opinion—

Edward (continues quote)

A selfish bum who lives off of his father's money and his mother's sympathies.

Dorcas

You do not. You work and buy your own things.

Edward

No, he's right. I do eat his food and live in his house.

Dorcas (angrily)

That's the way it's supposed to be. You are his son. So what? O.K. You aren't going to leave me. Just ignore his stupid comments.

Edward

Twenty years worth of stupid comments are too many to ignore. I must leave.

Dorcas

It's not fair. Daddy is mean to you. You didn't do anything. You've got to stay. Just see how things go from now on, o.k.?

Edward

No. (losing patience) Dorcas, every time we discuss my leaving, you act like you understand. Then you throw a tantrum and make me feel like a heel.

Dorcas (changing quickly)

Oh, I'm sorry. Don't hate me. I'll listen, and I will understand. I promise.

Edward (bluntly)

I'm leaving home tonight, for good. (Dorcas shuts her eyes) Dad wants me to, and there is no sense in a twenty year old mooching off of someone who doesn't want me around.

Dorcas (eyes still closed)

Are you going to Chicago?

Edward (trying to sound enthused)

Yes, Chicago! I'll get a job at the factory and be rich in no time. It's really a great opportunity.

Dorcas (stares directly at him)

Do you want to go?

Edward (hesitant)

I should, Dorcas. I'll be twenty-one years old in two more months. It's time I did something on my own.

Dorcas

Mother's going to cry. (she giggles like a child)

Edward

I know... well, she'll just have to accept it. (laughing) Her tall skinny son has finally awakened to the realities of life.

Dorcas (coldly)

Don't pretend to be glad, Edward.

Edward

There you go again. Snap out of that trance. You're depressing me.

Dorcas

It doesn't matter. After today I can't bother you any more. (frightened at what she says) I'm sorry. It isn't never again.

(continued on next page)

TO KEEP A PROMISE (continued from page 34)

You will come visit me, won't you? You will.

Edward

Is that all that's bothering you? You know Uncle Asa has offered me this job for months. He treats me like a son—

Dorcas

How do you know what that's like?

Edward (ignoring her remark)

I will be able to come home any time I want.

Dorcas (becoming very childish)

Tell me about Terry one more time before you go.

Edward

He was our brother, not a fairy tale. (Dorcas is hurt) Oh, all right, but I'd better be ready to go when Momma gets home. (exits right, unbuttoning shirt)

Dorcas

Start with when he was born.

Edward (oratorically from off right)

Terrence Russell Tristesse was born when Dorcas Tristesse was four years old and his brother Edward was nine. We decided to call him Terry.—Dorcas, have you seen my gray socks?

Dorcas (she is confused by his change)

What? What happened to Terry? Where's Terry?

Edward

Dorcas, where's your mind? I asked if you've . . . never mind, I found them. Now, where was I? (he comes back on right

in dark dress slacks and a white shirt, carrying shoes and socks; he sits next to Dorcas) What did I say last?

Dorcas

Terry. We called him Terry.

Edward (puts on socks; irritated)

Dorcas, you're fifteen years old. You know what happened. (she stares at him)

Dorcas (shyly)

Tell me again.

Edward (shrugs)

Dad got mad because Terry wouldn't eat his first birthday cake. He pushed him out of the chair—he didn't mean to hurt him—

(Father enters up center)

Dorcas (turns suddenly)

Daddy!!

Father (he speaks very loudly)

Where is your mother?

Edward

My mother has not been home all day. (exits right)

Father (kindly)

Dorcas, where is she? I told her to take the car down to get it fixed, but there it sits. (points toward door) What are you doing, dreamer?

Dorcas (very much like a little girl)

I was just thinking of things, Daddy. Like when we used to go to the circus together.

Father (carelessly)

TO KEEP A PROMISE

You're too big for that. Will you tell your mother that I've gone to get the car fixed myself and to please have supper ready when I get back? (exits up center)

Dorcas (turning as he leaves)

Daddy! Remember— (he has gone)

Edward (peeks around the door)

Hmm, is it safe? (enters stage right, putting on tie) Lovely man!

Dorcas

Finish now Edward. About Terry.

Edward (angrily)

He was hurt bad, Dorcas. When Terry fell he hit his head on the table and was paralyzed. You know that. You know all of it.

Dorcas (obsessed with the story)

It took a long time. He never moved; just lay there for a year. (almost pleased) But he didn't have to suffer any more. The angels love him now. Mother and Daddy didn't, but the angels do. It was good wasn't it, Edward?

Edward

No, not good!! Death isn't good. (becomes tense) Will you stop acting like a child?

Dorcas

You told me it was good. (she acts as if in a trance)

Edward

I know I did, but you were only six years old. You couldn't understand then, but you should now. You can.

Dorcas

You tell it to me every time I ask you to, but I still don't see.

Edward (angry, yet worried)

Listen, Dorcas, grow up. Terry died. He's dead. It—had to be that way.

Dorcas

You said we would always stick together. After it happened, you promised we'd always be buddies.

Edward

That was eight years ago. This is now. I thought you'd forget —(he realizes he has said the wrong thing and must cover up)—that I told you it was good.

Dorcas

All I remember is what you tell me.

(The conversation has gotten too deep and Edward too uneasy. He changes the subject)

Edward

Is this tie on right?

Dorcas (startled, then enthused)

Yep, sure is. I gave it to you, so of course it looks good.

Edward (laughs with relief)

That's a good kid. It's about time for Mom to show up. I'm not looking too forward to telling her.

Dorcas

Go get your coat on and finish packing. Don't worry about her. (Edward exits right. Dorcas looks out window) Here she comes.

(continued on next page)

TO KEEP A PROMISE (continued from page 36)

Edward (from off right)

Don't tell her. I will.

(Mother enters)

Mother (not noticing Dorcas)

Eddie, are you home already?

Edward

Yes, Mom. I'll be out in a second.

Dorcas (quietly approaches Mother)

Mother, Daddy came home and said for you—

Mother (takes off coat)

What are you doing home so early, dear? (She crosses to hang up coat, still not noticing Dorcas)

Edward

Just a minute, Mom.

Dorcas (afraid)

Mother, Daddy took the car to get it fixed, and he said—

Mother (noticing her finally)

What? Oh, no, the car. Your father will be madder than the devil when he comes home. (Edward enters in suit) Edward, what will I tell him? He'll be so angry. Oh dear. (Dorcas is peeved)

Edward

He won't be all that bad.

Dorcas (forcefully)

Mother, Daddy said to have supper ready when he got back. I'll help you.

Mother (whining)

He has no right to tell me how to run this house. And, (to Dorcas) I can manage quite well on my own.

Edward

Did you want me for something?

Mother

No. I just wanted to see you. Where have you been, Eddie?

Edward

Nowhere. I'm—

Mother (excitedly)

Eddie, you're home early.

Edward

I'm trying to tell you—

Mother

You got a promotion. Oh, I knew you could do it.

(Dorcas heaves a sigh and looks very disgusted)

Edward (slightly confused)

Ah, no, not exactly.

Dorcas (loud enough for him to hear)

Not exactly!

Edward (glances at Dorcas)

I'm in the middle of packing, Mom.

Mother

Goodness, what for?

Edward (carefully, but with certainty)

I'm leaving. (Mother sits) Yeah, thought I'd go up to Chicago and try to get a job with Uncle Asa. He said he could use an extra man in the materials department. (starts off right)

TO KEEP A PROMISE

Mother (bursts out crying)

Oh, my baby.

(Dorcas exits left)

Edward (trying to keep composure)

I am going as soon as I finish packing. Cut out that babbling and wake up, Mom. I'm not a baby any more. (exits right)

(Mother is left alone on stage crying as father enters up center)

Father

Well, I see you've managed to get home finally. (notices her sobs) What in the hell are you crying for? I come home from a hard day at work, and there you sit crying like a baby.

Mother

It... It's Edward.

(Edward enters with a suitcase)

Father

What have you done now?

Edward (calmly)

I told her I was leaving. I'm going to Chicago to work for her brother.

Father (sarcastically)

Well, I finally have something to respect you for. I didn't know you had it in you. (to anyone) He can make his mother cry, and he's got guts besides.

Mother

Why do you want to go?

(Dorcas enters left; stands by left door)

Father

Why, hell! How soon are you leaving?

Mother

Don't talk to your son like that.

Father

He is not my son.

(a short, tense silence)

Edward

Please. I'm leaving now.

Mother

He is your son! How... how can you talk like that?

Father (matter-of-factly)

Your son was born two years after I went to war.

Edward (desperately trying to avoid what is coming)

Stop it. Just stop. Don't say it. Mom, don't tell me. Stop.

Father (cruelly)

It's true... SON. Your mother is a tramp; an inconsiderate tramp.

Mother

Now, Edward, you know that isn't true. You love me, son.

Edward (notices Dorcas staring)

Dorcas, don't believe what you see and hear; only what I tell you. (She is frightened by what he says) Nothing else is true.

Dorcas (covers ears)

Don't.

Father (disgusted)

(to Mother) You ruined a good life. (to Edward) You loused up the only decent person in the house. Look at her. (points to

TO KEEP A PROMISE (continued from page 38)

Dorcas) She's scared to death...like a little kid. You made her hate me.

Edward

Because you hated me.

Father

Get out!

Edward

I am.

Father

Get out of this house, and don't you ever step foot in it again. I'm going to BUY my dinner.

(Father looks at Dorcas, storms out up center)

Mother

It isn't true, Edward. You don't believe him, do you? He is your father.

Edward

I've known what's true for a long time, Mother. (bitterly) Tell me, is Dorcas—legitimate?

(Dorcas is startled)

Mother

Yes, yes. Dorcas is, she is.

Edward

Terry, Mother? Who was Terry's father?

Mother

Edward, how can you say that? You're being ridiculous!!

Edward (sadly)

Terry wasn't his either. (realizes the truth) It is true then.

Mother

No! Yes...what I said, I mean. I don't...you are all my children.

Edward

Oh, thank you, mother dear. Mighty thoughtful of you.

Mother

No, Edward. I love you son. (she tries to embrace him)

Edward (without emotion)

I hate you, mother. (turns to Dorcas) Come here, Dorcas. (she crosses slowly) I wasn't sure...I knew you were his. You are, Dorcas. I know it hurts you. When I get to Chicago...

Dorcas

Please hurry. Leave now, Edward.

Edward

As soon as I get settled, I'll come back for you. In a month. I'll come get you and take you with me. I promise I'll take care of you.

Dorcas

Yes, Edward.

Edward (nervous)

I'll hurry. Remember what I said, little sister. We'll be buddies.

Dorcas

Yes. I believe you. Everything. I see now. (very emphatically) Don't worry, Eddie. You can trust me.

TO KEEP A PROMISE

Edward

Goodbye. Remember what I promised. I'll come back. It will be like before. I promise.

(Dorcas stares at him, nodding. Edward crosses, gets suitcase, exits up center. Mother stands for a moment, then exits up center also.)

Mother (offstage)

Edward!! Wait, please son—

(Dorcas is left alone. She walks to up center door, looks to stage left, suddenly jerking her head to the right stage door.)

Dorcas (she speaks very slowly)

Don't believe . . . what you see and hear . . . only what I tell you. (a silence)

(From now until the curtain falls, Dorcas talks and acts like a six year old child. She runs lightly downstage, calling . . .) Eddie? Eddie, where's Momma? Terry, Dorcie has a present for you; a pretty butterfly for you to look at. (jerks head to right again, as if she hears a noise) Eddie, is that you?

(A voice from off right is heard. It sounds like Edward, though he sounds younger)

A Voice

I'm sorry, Terry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I didn't think you could feel things. Momma and Daddy said you can't feel anything. I heard them, but you didn't, did you? You can't

now. They didn't love you but the angels will. Don't worry, poor little Terry. The angels will love you.

(Dorcas peeks into the door)

LIGHTS DIM TO LIGHT BLUE

Dorcas

Eddie, what are you doing to Terry? (she backs into couch, very frightened) I'm sorry, Eddie. (pause) I . . . I won't tell. You aren't bad. I know. Why does Daddy say you're bad? (There is a long pause. Dorcas looks toward up center door) Why did Terry have to die? (afraid) I'm sorry, Eddie. Don't hate me. You're right. We came in the house and Terry was dead, already dead. The angels . . . It is a good thing for him isn't it, Edward? (she screams out suddenly) Edward, you killed my baby brother. (very quietly) shhhhh! Don't tell. (she looks around the room) I can be an angel, too. We'll always be buddies, won't we, Edward? We stick together, Eddie. (she looks up center, sadly) You left me, but I can still be an angel. (From this point, one can hear a faint voice in the background saying "Don't worry, Dorcas. The angels will love you. The angels will love you." The lights dim slowly to a deeper blue.) I didn't tell, Eddie. Can I be an angel now? Promise? You forgot to make me happy, but I know how. I saw you, Eddie. I know how to make the angels love me.

(Dorcas smiles pleasantly, exits right, as the . . .

CURTAIN FALLS

Night of Camp David, by Fletcher Knebel. New York: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1965. 336 pp. \$5.95.

Fletcher Knebel has had much experience in writing novels dealing with politics; **Night of Camp David** is his fourth book on this subject. Knebel's first book, **No High Ground**, written in collaboration with Charles Bailey, II, was a political and military expose'; his next two books, also with Bailey, **Seven Days in May**, and **Convention**, also dealt with political subjects. Knebel also wrote a humorous daily column called "Potomac Fever" for a Washington newspaper.

Mr. Knebel is a graduate of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and now is, in addition to doing his own writing, a contract writer for **Look** magazine.

Fletcher Knebel's adroit handling of an unusual plot line makes **Night of Camp David** a fascinating and highly believable book. Knebel's own experiences lend the air of realism to the work, making its rather outlandish plot structure plausible. That the Chief Executive of the United States would have definite paranoid tendencies is not likely, but the possibility does exist, and Knebel explores this possibility to the fullest.

Night of Camp David is an interesting book, but not a profound book. However, it is doubtful that Knebel wanted his book to provoke much thought beyond merely having his

reader wonder what he would do if the President of the United States were insane. Knebel is not to be condemned for providing his readers with a rather shallow book; in times where every line penned has to be "meaningful" it is refreshing to find an author who entertains his audience. This is not to say that **Night of Camp David** will make readers roll in the aisles with laughter; it is, however, a very good book for light reading.

Night of Camp David, for all its lack of depth, is real; it depicts with admirable authenticity the fast moving world of politics, and gives a clear glimpse of the hungry world where men grapple daily for power.

Freda Richards



Forever In Joy, Rosemary Sprague. Philadelphia: Chilton Company, 1965. 171 pp. \$4.95.

Rosemary Sprague, well-known for her contributions in the field of books for young adults, is currently Professor of English at Longwood College. A graduate of Bryn Mawr, she also attended Western Reserve University, where she received her M.A. and was a Fellow-in-English during her last two years' work on her Ph.D. Not only has she studied at the Shakespeare Institute at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, and the University of London, but also she has lectured extensively on Robert Browning and on Queen Elizabeth I at the Thomas More Institute of the University of Montreal. Dr. Sprague is the author of: **A Kingdom to Win, Conquerors of Time, Dance for a Diamond Star, The Jade Pagoda**, and several other novels. In addition, she has edited **The Poems of Robert Browning** for the Crowell Poets Series.

Forever In Joy is not merely to be classified as a biography, though technically it is, but Dr. Sprague has so skillfully and thoughtfully written about the life and work of Robert Browning that it is impossible to miss the excellence, passion, and romance that permeated his very soul. Pertinent excerpts of Browning's work are included in this account, and these selections reinforce the observations already cited by the author.

The birth of Robert Browning is recorded as being on

May 12, 1812, at Camberwell, a quiet suburb of London. An impressionable youth, Robert was influenced not only by his mother's sensitivity to culture and his father's zeal for learning, but also by the excitement and anxiousness of his time. Of special interest to the young adult reader is the account of Robert's education. In one particular instance, his flair for poetry was utilized in the writing of not at all flattering epigrams about his headmaster. Robert acquired the greatest amount of his education on his own by reading avidly every book in his father's library. This love for reading and his intense desire for knowledge continued until his death.

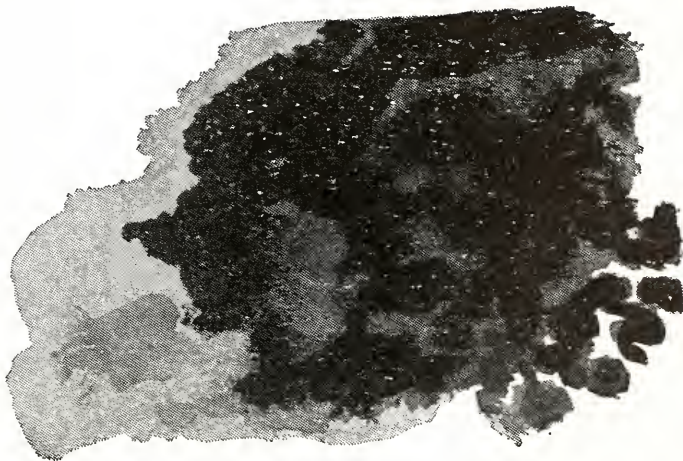
In 1833, Browning's first major poetical work, **Pauline**, was published. Contrary to his expectations, this attempt at poetic and self-expression was rather poorly received. It seemed, at that time, the critics were not so interested in an "out-pouring of feeling."

Not long after this unexpected setback, Robert Browning met Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett. The Browning-Barrett romance is perhaps one of the most cherished of all love stories, and Dr. Sprague has, in the re-creation of this affair, included warmth and joyous vitality. After being secretly married, the Brownings made their home in Florence, Italy, where this son, Robert, was born in 1850. It was during this time in Italy and later in London, after Elizabeth's death, that Browning produced some of his greatest work.

FOREVER IN JOY

The reading of **Forever In Joy**, the biography of Browning the poet and Browning the sensitive and vital man, is a most rewarding experience. Although it is perhaps intended for the young adult, this detailed account of the life and works of Robert Browning is suitable for reading by the most sophisticated adult.

Carol Mann



W. B. YEATS and the WEST OF IRELAND

On November 2, 1965, Richard Murphy, a native of the West of Ireland and presently the Poet-in-Residence at the University of Virginia, spoke at Longwood College on the subject "Yeats and the West of Ireland." Mr. Murphy is a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford. He has won the AE Memorial Award for poetry and the Guinness Prize. **Sailing to an Island** is a collection of his own poetry.

Essentially, the value of Mr. Murphy's lecture was that he presented a thought-provoking and unconventional approach to William Butler Yeats. It was evident that his main objective was merely to introduce his personal concept of Yeats' work and not to delve into in any detail. It seemed that he offered more guidance than substance to the thinking of his audience. As a result his lecture seemed to lack depth on the whole.

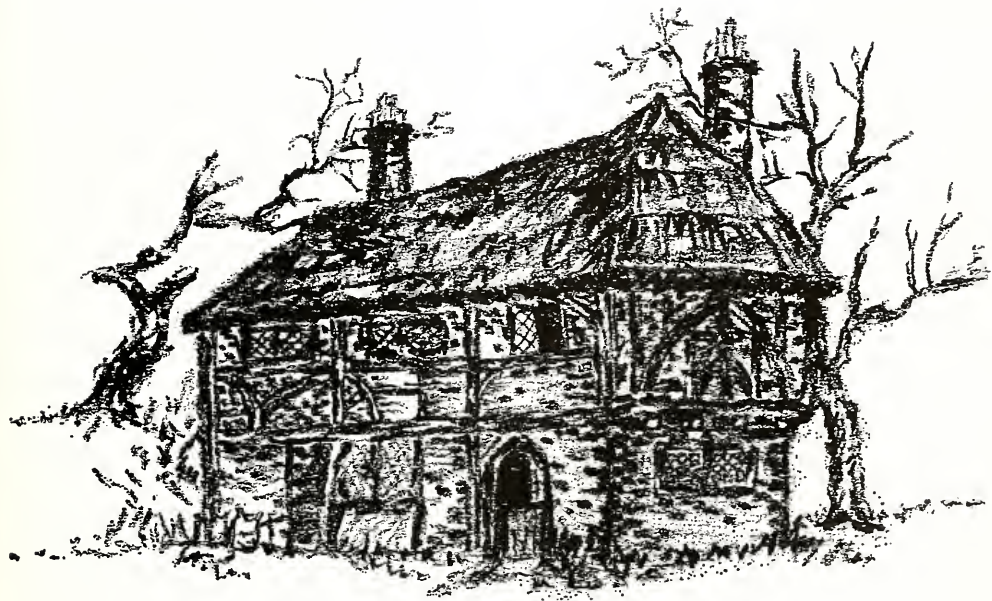
His presentation briefly was this. He believes that Yeats derived his ideas from the folk of western Ireland, that they were the inspiration and substance of the mythology and symbolism of his later poetry. It is hard to comprehend Yeats as a Robert Frost of Ireland, but it is precisely in this light that Mr. Murphy seems to see him although he did not explicitly make this comparison. Critics have traditionally and quite literally strived to explain his profound and illusive symbolism; Mr. Murphy's rather simple explanation of the matter is that in his early poetry Yeats freely drew from the store of western Irish custom and legend, its rusticity and romance which so fascinated him, and that, as his poetical maturation increased,

he began to weave his own mythology from the foundation he acquired by studying Irish folk myths. Mr. Murphy noted that this was undoubtedly a greater feat than the mere retelling of Irish legends and, in fact, in this lies part of Yeats' greatness. Thus "his poetry was derived from contact with the soil and people who lived in a particular place."

Yeats was the leader in a movement to infuse western Irish literature, long forgotten, into that of England. This Anglo-Irish literary renaissance began in Lady Gregory's intellectual circle at Coole. This lady went out into her district and gathered stories and legends of the Gaelic tongue; these Gaelic traditions, which had been preserved in western Ireland for seven centuries, she translated into an extended brogue. The translations had a great influence on Yeats' creative thinking.

Rather than to explain in detail what he meant by all this, Mr. Murphy read some of Yeats' earlier poetry in an effort, it seemed, to let his audience see for themselves the western Irish thread in his work. His reading of such poems as "The Wild Swans at Coole" and "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory" was most sensitive and truly a pleasure to hear; this aspect somewhat balanced the lack of depth in the rest of his lecture. Afterwards there was a short questioning period. It may be conjured that if Mr. Murphy had had more time for answering precise questions he probably would have revealed even more interesting facets of his thinking, for he did seem to be quite able and learned in his field.

Phyllis Myers



The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby. By Tom Wolfe. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1965. 339 pp. \$5.50.

Tom Wolfe, one of the most contemporary and original of today's writers, is a native Virginian. Born and raised in Richmond, he graduated from Washington and Lee and has a doctorate from Yale. Readers have been praising his name ever since he began writing for the **New York Herald Tribune**, **Esquire**, and **Harper's Bazaar**. He has won Washington Newspaper Guild Awards for humor and for foreign news. Wolfe has traveled today's United States from New York to California and has observed the American people caught up in contemporary culture; the result of his experiences is **The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby**.

In this witty and probing collection of satirical essays on the American way of life, Tom Wolfe has stated important and timely facts; yet his manner of deliverance is so exuberantly modern and entertaining that one hardly realizes the full import of his words until thinking about them afterwards. His observations cover the spectrum of people and things Americans most cherish today: Jean Shrimpton and the

Rolling Stones, customized cars and art galleries. Such symbols of American taste have emerged among Postwar Teenagers and have swept old elite standards of taste far out of the American scene. "The Last American Hero" is an especially fresh approach to this change in America's cultural tastes. The scene is the South. On Tom Wolfe's car radio there is Sunday morning preaching and shouting interspersed with Aunt Jemima pancakes and hominy grits advertisements, characteristics of the stereotyped idea of Southern culture. Suddenly his leisurely Sunday morning drive is halted by "the biggest traffic jam in the world." The Sunday morning stock car races, new cultural symbol of the South, have, as usual, attracted quite a number of enthusiastic fans. In "The Saturday Route", Wolfe observes New York's pseudo-elite strolling back and forth among the "In" art galleries meeting all their friends and acquaintances. "The Secret Vice" is a clever commentary on American status symbols and zeros in on the man who wears suits with sleeves that really button as opposed to the man whose sleeves have only fake buttonholes. Sex is no longer a taboo subject, but fake buttonholes are.

Wolfe has painted a vivid picture of what is happening on

THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY

the American scene. He has caught a vision of the whole stone of New Forms and has brilliantly exposed facets of it. He wants Americans to take an honest look at what has happened to them in the last decade and to evaluate it according to new cultural standards, abandoning obsolete standards of an elite society now effaced. Although **The Baby** is primarily of an informative nature, it is exciting, funny, and one of the most original pieces of work published in recent years. Wolfe's vocabulary is hip in a sophisticated way; his ultra-modern style of writing gets his point across. He has put into words the cultural upheaval which every American has unconsciously been trying to express to himself. This is what makes the book significant; this is what makes it a truly exciting event.

Phyllis Myers



THEMSELVES THEY CALL "INDIVIDUAL"

Shadows of another age
They mimic what befell before:
The "good or bad" of "either-or"
The now idea, is now the right
Nor bother they to question more
They say they think, but shut the door.
Thought to depth and depth to thought
Shadows are many
But few are more.

Leif Erickson



PATRONS

The names appearing below have consented to sponsor the annual Spring Literary Contest at Longwood for this year 1965-66.

Farmville Manufacturing Company, Farmville Shopping Center
Chappell's, 212 N. Main Street

Longwood Jeweler, 216 N. Main Street

Grants, Farmville Shopping Center

Princess Beauty Salon, 105 N. Main Street

Burger's Market, 144 N. Main Street

Weyanoke Book Store, 202 High Street

Leese's Pastry Shop, 119 N. Main Street

First National Bank, 200 N. Main Street

Gray's Drug Store, 219 N. Main Street

Carter's Flower Shop, One block from hospital

Lanscott's, 408 High Street

Cedarbrook Restaurant, Rice Road

James Madison Inn, Prospect Road

Tastee-Freez, Prospect Road

WFLO Radio Studios, Cumberland Road

Farmville Herald, 114 North Street

The College Shop, 114 N. Main Street

Newman's, 111 N. Main Street

Owen-Sanford, Farmville Shopping Center

Leggett's Department Store, Main Street

Crute's Drug Store, Main Street

Collins Florist, 119 N. Main Street

Martin the Jeweler, 123 N. Main Street

Hollywood Beauty Salon, 102 N. Main Street

Mr. Walter Eyster, Faculty Longwood College

Miss Bland, Faculty Longwood College

